

THE

L I F E

AND

Comical TRANSACTIONS

OF

LOTHIAN TOM.

Wherein is contained a Collection of
Roguish Exploits done both in Scot-
land and England.

K. Black (7.)



Licensed and entered according to Order

The Life and comical Transactions of *LOTHAIN TOM, &c.*

TOM having left his native Country, went into the County of *Northumberland*, where he hired himself to an old Miser, a Farmer; and he continued with him several Years, performing his Duty very well, tho' sometimes playing a roguish Bite on those about him: His Master had a bad Custom, not allowing the Candle at Night when at Supper; Tom one Night sets himself next to his Master, and as they were all about to fall on, Tom puts the Spoon in the midst of the Dish where the Croudie was hottest, and claps a Spoonful into his Master's Mouth; a Pox upon you cries his Master for my Mouth is all burnt; a Pox on you, says Tom, for you keep a House as dark as Purgatory, for I was going to my own Mouth with that Soup, and miss'd the Way it being so Dark, don't think Master that I am such a great Fool as to feed you, while I have a Mouth of my own. So from that Night that Tom burnt his Master's Mouth, they always got a Candle to shew them Light at Supper, for his Master would feed no more in the Dark with Tom.

There was a servant Girl in the House who when she made the Bed's neglected to make Tom's but wou'd have him to do it himself, well then says Tom, I have harder Work to do and I shall do that too; so next Day, when Tom was in the Field at Plough, he saw his Master coming towards him, he then left the Horses and the Plough standing in the Field, and goes away towards his Master, who cried, what is wrong: or is any Thing broke? No, no, says Tom, but I am going Home to make my Bed, it has not been made these two Weeks and this is about the Time the Maids makes the Rest, so I'll go Home and make mine too. No, no, Sirrah, go back to your Plough, and I'll cause it to be made every Night for you; then says Tom I'll plow two or three Furrows more in the Time.

There was a Butcher came to his Master and bought a fat Calf, so Tom laid it on the Horse's Neck before the Butcher



Butcher, and when he was gone, now says *Tom*, what will you hold Master but I'll steal that Calf from the Butcher before he goes two Miles off? why says his Master I'll hold you a Guinea you don't, done says *Tom*; in he goes gets a good Shoe of his Master's, and runs off another way cross a Corner of the Hedge, where there was an Open, and turning of that Way; here *Tom* hid himself behind the Hedge, and throws the Shoe in the Middle of the Highway, then up comes the Butcher Riding with his Calf before him, hey, said he to himself, there's a good Shoe, if I knew how to get on my Calf again I wou'd light for it, but what signifies one Shoe without it's Neighbour, so off he goes and lets it lie; *Tom* then slips out and takes up the Shoe, and runs cross the Fields until he got before the Butcher at another opening of the Hedge, about half a Mile distant, and there he throws out the Shoe again on the midst of the Way; then up comes the Butcher, and seeing it says to himself, now I shall have a Pair of good Shoes for the Lifting, down he comes lays the Calf on the Ground, and tied his Horse to the Hedge, then runs back thinking to get the other Shoe, in which time *Tom* whips up the Calf and Shoe, and Home he comes demanding his Wager, which the Master cou'd not deny being so fairly won. The poor Butcher returned back to his Horse, got only his Travel for his Pains, so missing his Calf, he knew not what to say or do, but thinking it had broke the Rope from about it's Feet, and run into the Fields, the Butcher spent that Day in search of it among the Hedges and Ditches, and so returned to *Tom*'s Master all Night, intending to go and search farther the next Day; giving them a tedious Relation how he came to lose it by a cursed Pair of Shoes, which he believed the Devil had dropt in his Way, and how he had taken the Calf and all along with him, expressing his thankfulness, that the Devil was so honest as to spare his old Horse when he stole away his Calf. Next Morning *Tom* went to Work, and makes a fine white Face on the Calf with Chalk and Water, then brings it out and sold it to the Butcher, which was good Diversion to his Master and the other Servants, to see the Butcher buy his own Calf again; no sooner was he gone with it, than *Tom* says now Master what will you hold but I steal it from him again e're he goes two Miles

Miles off? Not no, says his Master, I'll hold no more Bets with you, but I'll give you a Shilling if you do it, done says *Tom*, it shall cost you no more; and away he runs a Foot-road thro' the Fields, until he came in before the Butcher, hard by the Place where he stole the Calf from him the Day before, and there he lies behind the Hedge, and as the Butcher came past, he puts his Hand on his Mouth and cries *Baa, baa*, like a Calf, the Butcher hearing this swears to himself, that there was the Calf he lost the Day before; down he comes and throws the Calf he had on the Ground, gets in thro' the Hedge in all-Haste thinking he had no more to do but take it up: but as he came in at one Part of the Hedge, *Tom* jumps out at another, and gets the Calf on his Back, goes in over the Hedge on the other Side, and thro' the Fields he comes safely home with the Calf on his Back; while the poor Butcher, spent his Time and Labour in vain, running from Hedge to Hedge, and Hole to Hole, seeking what was not there to be found; so the Butcher returned to his Horse again, and finding his other Calf gone, he concluded it to be done by some invisible Spirit about that Spot of Ground and so went home and raised a bad Report on the Devil saying, he was turn'd Highwayman, and had taken two Calfs from him. So *Tom* washing the white Face of the stolen Calf, his Master sent the Butcher word to come and buy another Calf, which he accordingly did in a few Days after and *Tom* sold him the same Calf a third Time; then told him the whole Affair as it was acted, giving him his Money again, so the Butcher got but Fun for all his Trouble.

There was a rich old blind Woman, who lived hard by, that had a young Girl her only Daughter, and she fell deep in Love with *Tom*, and *Tom* fell as deep in Love with the Money, but not with the Maid. the old Woman bestowed a vast of Presents on *Tom*, and mounted him like a Gentleman, but still he put off the Marriage from Time to Time, and always wanted something, which the old Woman gave the Money to purchase for him, until, he got about thirty pounds of her Money, and then she wou'd delay the Marriage no longer; *Tom* went and takes the old Woman and the Girl aside, and made his Apology as follows. Dear Mother, said he, I am very willing to wed with my dear Polly
for

for she appears like an Angel in my Eyes, but I am very sorry to acquaint you, that I'm not a fit Match for her, what Child says the old Woman, there's not a fitter Match in the World for my Polly. I did not think your Country could afford such a clever Youth, as what I hear of you to be; you shall neither want Gold nor Silver, and a good Horse to ride upon, and when I die you shall have my All. O but, says Tom, Mother that's not the Matter at all, the Stop is this, when I was at home in *Scotland*, I got a Stroke with a Horse's Foot on the Bottom of my Belly, which has quite disabled me below, that I cannot perform a Husband's Duty in Bed, Then the old Woman clapt her Hands and fell a Crying O! if it had been any Impediment but that, but that, woful that! which Gold and Silver cannot purchase, and yet the poorest People that is, even common Beggars have plenty of it; the old Woman and Daughter sat crying and wringing their Hands, and Tom stood and wept lest he shou'd get no more Money. O says Polly. Mother I'll wed with him nevertheless, I love him so dearly. No, no, you foolish Girl wou'd you throw yourself away, to marry a Man and die a Maid? you don't know the End of your Creation, it is the Enjoyment of a Man in Bed, that make Women marry, which is a Paradise and if you wed this Man, you'll live and die and never know it.

Ho, ho, says Tom, if I got Money I needed not been this Way till now: Money you Fool, said the old Woman, there's no such Thing to be got for Money in all *England*; ay, says Tom, there's a Doctor in *Newcastle*, will make me as able as another Man for ten Guineas; ten Guineas, says she, I'll give him Fifty if he will; but here is Twelve and go to him immediately, and know first what he can do, and come again and wed my Child or she and I will die for thy Sake. Tom having now got twelve Guineas more of their Money, gets all Things ready, and next Morning sets out for *Newcastle*, but instead of going to *Newcastle* he went to *Scotland*, and left Polly and her Mother to think upon him. Then in about two Weeks after; when he was not likely to return, not so much as a Word from him, the old Woman and Polly got a Horse and came to *Newcastle* in search of him, went thro' all the Doctors Shops asking if there

came a young Man there about two Weeks ago, with a broken Cock to mend; some laught at her, others were like to kick her out of Doors, so the old Woman had to return without getting any farther Intelligence of *Tom*.

Now after *Tom's* return to *Scotland*, he got a Wife and took a little Farm near *Dalkeith*, and became a very douse Man for many Days, followed his old Business the coupling of Horses and Cows, the feeding of Veals for Slaughter and the like. He went one Day to a fair and bought a fine Cow from an old Woman, and *Tom* judged by the the Lowness of the Price that the Cow had some Fault; *Tom* gives the old Woman another hearty Beaker of good Ale, then says he, now the Money is yours, and the Cow is mine, you must tell me if she has any Faults; indeed quoth she, Goodman, she has no Faults but one, and if she had not that I wou'd not have parted with her; what's that? says *Tom*, indeed, says, she, the filthy Beast sucks herself: O says *Tom*, if that be all, I'll soon cure her of that; can you? says she, if I knew that I had not sold her to you Well says *Tom*, I'll tell you what to do, take the Cows price I gave you just now, and tie it hard and fast in your Napkin, and give it to me thro' beneath the Cows Belly, and I'll give you the Napkin again over the Cows Back, and I'll lay my Life for it that she'll never suck herself again; well, said the old Woman, I'll do that if there be Witchcraft in it; so *Tom* no sooner got it thro' below the Cow's Belly, than he takes out his Money, and puts it in his Pocket, gave the old Woman her Napkin over the Cow's Back accordingly as he told her saying, now you have your Cow, and I my Money, and she'll never suck herself again. Well, cry'd the old Woman, is that your Cure: you've cheated me, you've cheated me.

Tom being very scanty of Money at a Time when his Rent was to pay, and tho' he was well acquainted with the Butchers in *Edindurgh*, he tried several of them yet none of them wou'd lend him as much, knowing him to be such a Sharper, had refused him; so in he comes next Day, and all of them had heard of a fine Calf he had feeding, comes in one Butcher and tells him he was going to sell the fat Calf he had at home well said the Butcher, and what will you have for it
just

just five and thirty Shillings, says *Tom*, no says the Butcher by what I hear of it, I'll give thirty, nay, nay, says *Tom*, you must remember that is not to be the Price of it, but give me twenty Shillings, just now, and send your Lad To-morrow, and we'll perhaps agree for it; thus *Tom* went thro' Ten of them in one Day, and got twenty Shillings from each of them, and kept his Speech against the Law; for whatever they offered him for his Calf, he told them to remember that was not to be the Price, but give me twenty Shillings just now, and send your Lad To-morrow Morning and perhaps we'll agree, was all that past. So *Tom* came Home with his ten Pound and paid his Rent, and early next Morning one of the Butcher's sent out his Lad to *Tom* for a Calf, and as he was about a Mile out of Town, went to an Ale-house Door and called for a Pint of Ale, and as he was drinking it, up comes another Butcher's Lad on the same Errand, he being called by the first to come and drink, which caused another Pint of Ale; then comes o'her two on the same Errand, at last other six which made out the ten, and every one told he was going to *Lothain Tom's* for a Calf, which made them think *Tom* had gathered together all the Calves in that Country side: So up they came to *Tom's* House, and every one called for his Calf, and *Tom* had but one Calf to serve them all, which he takes out and shews them; now says he, whoever gives most for it, shall have it, or I'll put it into a Roup. What, said they, our Masters bought it Yesterday, then says *Tom*, you would be Fools to buy it to-day, for 'ts heavy to carry and difficult to lead, so you must all go home without it. Next Day *Tom* got ten Summonses to answer at the Instances of the Butchers for selling his Calf, and not delivering it. *Tom* then goes to *Edinburgh*, gets the ablest Lawyer in Town for that Purpose, tells him the whole of what past from first to last, then said the Lawyer, as they cannot prove a Bargain, and you deny the paying of the Money again, if you'll give me the Calf I'll bring you safely off, but you'll remember in Law there's no Point like that of Denial; the Calf says *Tom* you shall not want the Calf and a Stone of Butter to make it ready with. Then *Tom* goes to the Court where he is call'd upon; his Lawyer answers first, who asked the Butchers if they

they could tell the Price of the Calf, or prove the Bargain, They answered no, but he ordered us to send our Lads and we wou'd agree about it; agree about it, said the Judges, why do you come to sue for a Bargain, and not agree about it? Ay but, said they, we want twenty Shillings a piece from him of Money we gave him. *Thomas* called on, then said the Judge, did you borrow twenty Shillings of any of these men? Not I my Lord, I came indeed asking the loan of Money from them, but they wou'd give me none, and then I came next Day Beggar Ways and they were so generous as to give me twenty Shillings a piece; but said the Judge, were not you to give them it back again? I never promised it my Lord, for what is given to the Poor, is never designed to be returned; and I appeal to this whole Court, whatever Pence any of you have given to the Poor, if you look for any of it back. Then *Tom* was freed at the Bar, and the Butchers lost, and were heartily laughed at.

After the Court *Tom* and the Lawyer had a hearty Bottle, and at parting the Lawyer said, now mind *Tom*, and send me the Calf To-morrow; O yes says *Tom*; but you must first send me forty Shillings for it. What says the Lawyer did you not promise me it, and a stone of Butter to make it ready with, for gaining your Plea? But says *Tom*, did not you tell me, that the only Point of the Law was to deny, and you cannot prove it, so I'll sell my Calf to them that will give most for it, and if you have learned me Law, I have learned you Roguery to your Experience, so take this as a Reward for helping me to cheat the Butchers, and I think I'm even now with you both, and this was all the Lawyer got of *Tom*.



F I N I S